Wrecking/Worshipping

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Wrecking/Worshipping

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Nigel and Abigail navigate the future of their relationship now that Hannibal and Will know about it.

Sequel to Willing/Wanting and Waiting/Writhing
Hannibal Bingo Prompt: Over-the-knee spanking

Notes

Third fic on my Hannibal Bingo Card!
Over the knee spanking!

Hannibal Bingo

Lenny (Bleeder)	Teen Parent Will Graham	Lesbian Freddie Lounds	Armor (HEU)
Harem	Over-the-Knee Spanking	Ménage à Trois	Will's Shed
"All I need is to get one hand free"	Renaissance AU	**Free Space**	The Tree Man Tableau
"You're cute for an older guy" (Polar)	"Life didn't seem to be going his way"	A Good Finger-Wagging	Harpy Knife

Hannibal's cold tone sent a shiver down her spine. There was no question there as to why Nigel was even in her apartment in just his underwear, which made Abigail wonder if they'd been as discreet as she thought they had been.

"Well," Will's tone was much warmer, amused even. He pushed through the door, leaving Hannibal standing there as he strode past Nigel and went immediately to Abigail. He leaned in and planted a light kiss on her cheek and handed her the small posey of delicate but expensive flowers that Hannibal must have picked out. "Hey Abi." He smiled.

"Hey," She winced as she replied and Will grinned.

"We thought we'd come to surprise you, but looks like you surprised us."

"Looks like," Abi replied, wincing again, unsure quite how they were going to explain this away. Especially as, truth was, they really weren't just fucking.

One Day Later
3pm

Abigail rushed in through her apartment door and dropped her bag onto the couch.

“Nigel?” She called out as she continued into the bedroom, getting no response. She heard the shower running then, and that was a relief at least. He hadn't bolted and left her to deal with this mess.

She’d managed to get short notice early leave from work, though technically it wasn’t necessary. They weren’t meeting Will and Hannibal until seven, but she needed the extra hours to get her head together. Really, she wished she'd called in for the whole day so she had a chance to really discuss all this with Nigel.

This was never something she had planned for, and in retrospect, that was stupidity on her part. There was no way that Will and Hannibal wouldn’t find out about Nigel eventually, if they kept carrying on. Whatever this was, or whatever they tried to convince themselves it was, they were practically living together. It was only a matter of time…

The shower stopped and Abigail knocked on the bathroom door.

“Nigel, please…” She stopped, not knowing what to say next. Please hurry? Please hold me? Please turn back time and not have her surrogate fathers find out about him?? But never please leave or please make it so we never hooked up in the first place. Her heart plummeted at the thought of that.

She pushed the door open to find him standing in front of the mirror, wet with a towel around his waist.

“Florence,” he crooned as he turned to her, that smile just for her. Another reminder that they weren’t just fucking as much as they tried to deny it.

When she didn’t reply, his smile dipped slightly and he frowned. “You’re stressed.”

“Of course I am!” She threw up her hands dramatically which only brought his smile back. “What even is this, Nigel? We’re essentially doing meet the parents, in the most fucked up way possible. And… you practically live here.”

The frown returned, “you want me to move out?”

“No!” She shook her head, “that’s not what I meant. I just… think we need to acknowledge that this is more than fucking. We’re… well not dating. I don’t know.”

Nigel nodded, he looked concerned for her but not quite serious.

“I know I can be a little… overwhelming, and I didn't want to scare you away. So I've just let things roll as they have been, because fuck it's good. So good. You're fucking so good and I didn't ever want to get in your way." His words were soft and slow, like a caress, but she frowned not quite getting his meaning and half wondering if he was breaking this off. " Ilove you, Florence. I'll face my brother or, fucking satan if that's what it takes to keep you in my life. If that's what you want."

Nigel was still smiling and frowning as he said the words and stole her breath.

“Do you think I’d agree to this fucking ridiculous dinner with my brother and his husband if I didn’t? Do you think I’d still be here and not just a trail of dust never to be seen again?” He

continued and she realised her expression must seem uncertain.

“I…” Abigail tried to reply but had no words.

Nigel strode towards her, taking her in his arms so she could feel his hard cock beneath the towel. She rested her head against his chest where it fit so neatly, and tried to take in the sudden confession.

“Yeah, I might not have wanted to tell you this way, and honestly I guessed you just already knew and it went without saying. But, I’m not fucking around here. I just didn’t want to scare you off by telling you I want to spend the rest of my fucking worshipping you.”

Abigail let out a little whimper and nodded against his chest.

“I love you too.”

*

Abigail was caught up in the blur of activity that had seen her unclothed and whisked from the bathroom and deposited flat on her back onto her bed - on *their* bed - as he pulled on a condom.

“You drive me insane, I love you so much,” Nigel muttered against a nipple before sucking on it gently, his hands on her waist as she spread her legs for him and let him push inside her.

“Fuck,” Abigail muttered, arching her back with pleasure. She was wet, but there was still a slight burn and it felt intense. Nigel had always been full on, even if it had never been said out loud she had felt his affection everytime they were together. But this was different. This was possessive, obsessive. Like he couldn’t get enough of her and wanted her all at once.

“Gonna wreck me,” Abigail managed a gasped chuckle as Nigel began to fuck her hard and fast.

“I know you’d like that,” Nigel growled back and Abigail could only groan in response. “You want it so you can’t walk for a week.”

He nipped at her neck, alternating between the sensitive skin there and running his mouth over her breasts. It made her ache how well he knew her.

“Yes…” Abigail moaned, hiking her legs up around his waist, pulling him deeper. “Harder.”

Nigel growled against her skin and continued to pound into her, on and on, until he was coming with a groan.

She was panting and shaking, so close to her own climax when he pulled out and then quickly moved down the bed, pressing his face between her legs. She squirmed beneath him as he pushed his tongue inside her.

“Fuck!!” She struggled to keep her legs from closing around his head as he began to eat her out with gusto, finally moving to suck and flick over her clit with his tongue until she was crying out and coming with a shudder.

Nigel crawled back up and kissed her hard before rolling onto his back, both of them panting from the exertion.

It was several minutes before they roused again. Abigail got up from the bed to go for her own shower as Nigel swung his legs off the bed and disposed of the condom.

Nigel was still sat on the bed, now checking his phone, when Abigail returned from the shower and laid out the dress she planned to wear.

“I wanted you to make me feel it,” Abigail muttered, trying to explain and wishing she felt more sore than she did, “wanted to--”

Her words were cut off as Nigel grabbed her and pulled her over his lap. “Want to be able to still feel me at dinner tonight, is that it?”

Abigail laughed then as she struggled, “ugh, gross. Not like that I just… I want to feel, um, reassured… Like you’re with me.”

“I will fucking be with you, gorgeous,” Nigel laughed but then let out a soft sigh when he saw her expression. Nigel nodded, “I get it,” He said the words softly as he moved her in his lap. She wasn’t even really aware of what he was doing until she was over his knees. Her towel was barely clinging her and took only a tug to fall away completely, leaving her naked, as he smoothed his hand over the curve of her ass.

“I think I can fix that for you,” Nigel growled softly. “Want to do this every time I see your perfect little peach in those little fucking lace panties.”

His hand left her for just a moment and then came down on her ass cheek as a light thwack. Not enough to sting or mark, just enough to let her know what he was doing.

And the thought had her instantly wet and groaning. She nodded her head, “yeah, yes, please Nigel. Spank me.”

Nigel needed no further encouragement, softly rubbing her ass cheek again before slapping it hard enough to sting and make her flinch.

“Fuck…”

“Is that ok, gorgeous?” Nigel asked, rubbing the area soothingly once more.

“Y-yeah,” Abigail replied, breathless.

Nigel spanked her again, then rubbed. Then again. Alternating between spanking then soothingly rubbing the area over and over. Spank, Rub. Spank. Rub.

It felt like it went on forever, both cheeks in a strange limbo between stinging and numb.

Abigail only realised she was moaning when Nigel finally stopped, now just rubbing over her heated cheeks and further down to where she was unexpectedly wet.

Her head was swimming. She felt like she was floating, it felt so good in such an unexpected way. So good that she was on the verge of coming again.

“Ni…” she muttered but couldn’t quite form the word.

“I got you, Florence,” he said sweetly as he pressed fingers inside her.

She moaned and her body arched automatically, but in reality she moved very little, gently writhing on Nigel's fingers as he crooked them inside her. It was his thumb stroking over her clit that made her come. A full body shudder ran through her, until she was shaking on his lap.

"Fucking gorgeous," Nigel muttered as he pulled his fingers out of her.

7pm

As they were seated, Abigail felt very aware of the fact that she was surrounded by three men, all much larger than her petite frame. She was thankful that Will took the seat one side of her and Nigel the other, though it did leave her directly opposite Hannibal. There was no avoiding him. Even so, she didn't feel as intimidated as she could have.

Not least because she was even more aware of the heat of her sore ass cheeks, and the throbbing, burning sensation when she sat.

Knowing that Nigel was there with here was one thing, but feeling confident in what they meant to each other and what this was between them, that they loved each other, was something else.

There was absolute silence when the menus were set before them, only broken when Hannibal ordered a bottle of wine.

There was no small talk as they all politely ordered their meals. Each of them grateful for the wine that was quickly brought over.

"I told him this was a bad idea," Will offered up, and Abigail didn't miss the side-eye Hannibal gave him. "We knew you had to be seeing someone, and I knew you'd tell us in your own time."

"Maybe not," Nigel muttered over the rim of his glass, to which Abigail gave *him* a side-eye, before turning her glare on Hannibal.

"You wanted to catch me out." Abigail realised. It was unlike them to surprise her, they always called before visiting just in case she had plans. When they'd arrived to find Nigel there, that became the focus and it didn't immediately dawn on her how strange their visit was.

"We--" Hannibal started but Will made an exaggerated cough as he raised a brow at Hannibal and Hannibal restarted. "*I* was worried about you. It was clear from your demeanour that you were involved with someone. And have been for some time…"

He trailed off, no doubt expecting her to fill in the blanks.

"How long has… *this* been going on?" Hannibal asked, stifling a sneer at Nigel.

"Since the weekend Abigail came over and we were away," Will answered. It was clear Will had put two and two together as soon as he'd seen Nigel at her door.

Nigel snorted, Hannibal looked fit to burst and Abigail felt her cheeks flush.

She opened her mouth to say something, unsure what would come out, but Will spoke first.

"She's an adult."

“He’s my brother,” Hannibal growled in response and the glare between her two dads made it clear they'd had this discussion in private many times and were yet to agree.

“She’s not our daughter,” Will said softly, before turning to Abigail and taking her hand, “as much as we love you.”

“I know,” she replied with a soft smile before turning back to Hannibal, “But Will’s right. Nigel and I aren’t related and we’re both adults.”

Hannibal looked away from Abigail and instead glared at Nigel. “Does she know your history, Nigel? A failed marriage to a woman you were obsessed with. Your criminal past?”

Abigail did know about Gabi, or at least parts of it, and Nigel had offered to tell her about his criminal activities, beyond what she already knew with the counterfeiting, but she had simply asked if it was anything worse than Hannibal had done, and he’d said it wasn’t and she’d left it at that.

“Dangerously close to the pot calling the kettle black,” Nigel growled back at him.

“Hannibal,” Will’s voice was low but his tone was scalding. He still held Abigail’s hand and she could feel how tense he was. “Stop. Now.”

Hannibal sat back in his chair and closed his eyes, taking a breath. Abigail had never seen him like that before. He was always so cool and calm. She hated to think she was the reason he was upset but there was nothing she could do about it.

To everyone’s surprise, Nigel reached over and put a hand on Hannibal’s arm, giving it a comforting squeeze.

“I get why you're protective, but she’s not Mischa, she's not going anywhere. And I won't let anything hurt her, not even me.”

All the fight seemed to drain from Hannibal then and he finally opened his eyes to look at Nigel. Something passed between them that Abigail couldn’t decipher before Hannibal took another breath and Nigel pulled back his hand.

“You’re still not good enough for her,” Hannibal finally said, his tone lighter than it had been.

“Clearly,” Nigel chuckled, then took another swig of wine before continuing. “But who would ever be? Besides, she needs someone who sees who she is and accepts her. Not some preppy twat that you’d all have to walk on eggshells around in case he was the suspicious type. Or were you just planning on murdering anyone who showed an interest.”

“I’m so glad this is such a private booth,” Will muttered to Abigail but clearly loud enough that Hannibal and Nigel could hear his faux exasperation.

She stifled a chuckle and then squirmed, her ass throbbing at the slight movement. She had definitely chosen the wrong underwear to wear, with lace irritating her skin.

“Are you alright?” Will asked, noticing her wince.

“Yeah.” Her cheeks burned and when she looked over at him, Nigel was smirking.

“It’s an uncomfortable conversation,” Nigel chimed in, which earned him a glare for Abigail.

Before anyone could say anything further, thankfully a server arrived with their food.

Alone again, Will asked, “Are you happy?”

“Yeah,” Abigail replied with a smile as she took hold of Nigel’s hand across the table. He squeezed it and her ass throbbed, both reminders that he was there with her and they had something together beyond just fucking. They had love and trust and maybe even a future together.

“Well, there we go.” Will replied. “End of discussion.”

There was a lull and Hannibal added, “Brother or no, if you hurt her they won’t find your body.”

Will chuckled, even though Abigail was sure Hannibal was deadly serious. It should be enough to terrify anyone who didn’t know Hannibal and what he was capable of, much less someone who knew all too well. But Nigel didn’t flinch, he didn’t chuckle either, just gave a curt nod.

“So, how’s the internship going?” Will asked and that seemed to be the end of the entire conversation.

9.30pm

Nigel at least waited until they had said their goodbyes to slap Abigail’s ass. The resultant yelp she let out was enough for the taxi driver to give them a wary look as they approached, but he didn’t decline the fare.

“That went well,” Nigel commented as he pulled Abigail into his lap in the back of the cab.

She huffed and tried to shrug him off.

“I don’t know if there was any other way it could have gone. I was expecting the warnings,” Abigail said.

Nigel chuckled and nibbled at her neck, “I was expecting Will to know. He knows a fucking lot, it’s creepy.”

Abigail couldn’t help but laugh, “yeah he does that thing.” She tapped the side of her head.

“I want to do things to you,” Nigel nuzzled her again and the taxi driver cleared his throat.

They both laughed at that but managed to keep it family friendly until they got back inside Abigail’s apartment. Or maybe it was their apartment.

“Hannibal meant what he said you know,” Abigail told Nigel between breathless kisses as they let themselves in.

“I fucking know, gorgeous. Lucky I don’t plan on hurting you,” Nigel growled.

Abigail pushed him back with both hands on her chest to give him a stern look, “you already did!” He looked both confused and concerned for a moment before she continued, “What if Hannibal had known how badly you spanked me before dinner.”

“Fuck, Florence. Can you keep my brother’s name out of our bedroom?” He groaned as he picked her up and carried her through to the bed as she laughed deeply.

When he dropped her on the bed she looked up at him and asked, "*Our* bedroom?"

"Yes, fucking ours. Yours and mine, till death do us part," he was on her kissing her hungrily then and she didn't refuse him.

They were both naked by the time he was able to pull away and look deeply into her eyes, so much so that she shivered.

"The fucking love, drives me insane. And I fucking love you, Florence. Love you so much."

Abigail trembled, knowing he was going to do exactly as he said, and worship her for fucking ever.

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